



At least, there are three Indians buried in the Heber City Cemetery:

1. Tommy Tabby = son of Chief Tabby
2. Pernetta Murdock = adopted Indian daughter of Joseph Stacy Murdock, who later became his sixth wife at the urging of Brigham Young
3. An Indian lady who died of a broken neck & is buried in grave #8 of Burial Lot
Her name was Agnes Mack
born about 1877 on Indian Reservation. She died on 9 Oct 1912

New Home for Old Plants

Wave 11 July 1985

Heber City (LRJ) Hyrum Smith looked at the two patches of weed covered ground. "It would be nice to have some flowers here," he said. "But there's no money in the budget for them."

Hyrum was looking at the garden spots on either side of the entrance to the Historical Tabernacle on Heber's Main Street. Hyrum spends part of his time taking care of the city's parks and grounds and the other part of his time tending to cemetery duties.

It was suggested that perhaps individuals who no longer want perennials at their homes could donate them, so that each year there could be some color, and it wouldn't cost a lot of money for annuals that don't last but a season.

Mr. Smith would be happy to be contacted by anyone who is redoing his garden and hates to throw away good plants. He is often found at the cemetery work-storage shed and would be happy to receive plants there.

Cemetery Staff Commended

18 Apr 1985

Dear Editor:

Have you driven through the cemetery lately? It is worth your while, considering the many deaths and heavy snows the valley has had the last few months. About five weeks ago

we buried a loved one. It was a bitter cold day, yet the sexton was there to meet us when we came from Salt Lake. In order to prepare the new grave they had to run over my lot with the heavy equipment. When I saw it I was sure it would never look the same

again. Yet returning home today I was amazed at the improvement in the short time the snow has been gone. The graves are all leveled off and the piles of dirt gone with no truck tracks visible. It is also amazing at their accuracy in finding the right plot under feet of snow. Thanks to Hyrum Smith and his crew for their excellent work. I and many others appreciate your efforts in keeping that hallowed section of our city so lovely.

Orel Kuhni

Just Stuff

By Jan

I'll admit it - I was pushing the season as well as my luck. I had seen so many harbingers of spring, robins and finches flitting around, grass turning that spring-shade of green, kids roaring around on big wheels - that I was ready for spring to have sprung!

And Saturday blessed us with another day of warm weather and sunshine. Although the ground at Fish Lake was still snow-bound in winter-white, spring

was definitely in the air. Drops of water ran freely down once majestic icicles and the snow seemed to slush under your boots.

So what was a few feet of frosty fluff that a shovel, some visquene and a blanket wouldn't take care of? Donned in snow boots and swimsuits we cleared a spot on the porch to sit in the sun. While Frosty the Snowman watched in disgust, we perched our posteriors on the porch, among the drifts and caught the first rays of the springtime Sun!